



# **dancing in the dark**

**honeybyler**

## dancing in the dark by honeybyler

**Category:** IT (2017)

**Genre:** Bill tries to help him, Comfort, Hurt, M/M, Nightmares, Stenbrough, bill is so good to him, blind!stan, content stenbroughs, for every stenbrough gc im a part of on twitter, hes sad abt it obviously, patrick and the bowers gang are still assholes, stan is blind, stenbros, stenbruvs, this makes me emo

**Language:** English

**Characters:** Beverly Marsh (minor), Bill Denbrough, Bowers Gang (minor), Eddie Kaspbrak (minor), Patrick Hockstetter (minor), Stanley Uris

**Relationships:** Bill Denbrough/St Stanley Uris

**Status:** Completed

**Published:** 2017-10-16

**Updated:** 2017-10-16

**Packaged:** 2020-01-26 15:18:57

**Rating:** General Audiences

**Warnings:** No Archive Warnings Apply

**Chapters:** 1

**Words:** 3,673

**Publisher:** archiveofourown.org

**Summary:**

The sky that slept, tucked behind bare trees, was a fearful shade of grey. Leaves coating the ground, still sometimes falling from their branches, a blanket of brown, yellow, and orange. Cold air blew past the people that walked on the cracked pavement of Derry, their cheeks and noses tinted red with the chill that crept on their faces and down their necks. Even at its most dead, the small town in Maine was one full of vibrant colors that bounced off of walls and into the minds of those able to digest the simplistic beauty of it all. Stanley Uris, however, could not see the beauty that he heard his neighbors gush about in the mornings, nor would he ever be able to.

## dancing in the dark

### Author's Note:

hi i really really like comments they fuel my self esteem

The sky that slept, tucked behind bare trees, was a fearful shade of grey. Leaves coating the ground, still sometimes falling from their branches, a blanket of brown, yellow, and orange. Cold air blew past the people that walked on the cracked pavement of Derry, their cheeks and noses tinted red with the chill that crept on their faces and down their necks. Even at its most dead, the small town in Maine was one full of vibrant colors that bounced off of walls and into the minds of those able to digest the simplistic beauty of it all. Stanley Uris, however, could not see the beauty that he heard his neighbors gush about in the mornings, nor would he ever be able to.

The events of the previous summer had rendered him almost completely blind, having lost sight completely in one of his eyes after its teeth sank inside of his face, other eye suffering extreme damage, while still being operable. Stanley Uris could no longer look to the sky to watch as his favorite birds flew past him, reminding him that he would not always be stuck. He could no longer stare into the eyes of his best friend, Bill Denbrough, as they spoke about things that never really held importance to anyone other than their thirteen year old selves. It was difficult, spending hours trying to learn braille in place for the words he couldn't simply read off the page anymore. Braille was hard enough in English, he was completely at a loss for words when he remembered that he would have to learn to read the Torah all over again, he already struggled enough with that. Stan would have given up already if it hadn't been for his friends, always there to egg him on and support him even as he struggled to keep calm if the words underneath his frail hands seemed like gibberish or if he was stuck walking in circles because he forgot his way and couldn't find any of his friends to help him. Many people wanted to take matters into their own hands and grab him to show him where they assumed he was going, him unable to see who it was caused him to panic. Their filthy hands all over his body, sending chills down his

spine.

More often than not, he would yank his arm out of the stranger's grip on instinct causing them to look at him in shock, offended that he didn't want their fingers to dig into his skin as they dragged him along violently. People who did this often spoke in low, condescending voices, treating him as if he was a toddler. This bothered Stan, knowing he was perfectly capable of taking care of himself. He would look to where he believed the person was and shoot them the dirtiest look he could manage before wiggling out of their hands and grabbing his walking stick to lead himself where he needed to be. After he finally started leaving the house on his own, he was shocked how intrusive some people could be.

"It's appalling how many people think it's their place to just tell me where I'm supposed to be going!" Stan huffed, sitting on the edge of Bill's bed as he folded his walking stick back up. He hated using it, but today he thought it would be nice to go outside and take a walk for some alone time. Of course, every time he did this he ended up either at the Denbroughs or running into Bill, he suspected that his parents would call Bills and tell them to send him looking for Stan so he didn't get himself hurt. "I know where I'm going! They have no right to being as invasive as they are!"

"Stanley, tu-turn a li-li-li-little to your l-left," Bill spoke quietly, encouraging his friend to move in order to face him better. It was foreign to him, being able to look Stan in the eyes and know he couldn't look back, he missed the warmth of his chocolate brown eyes and how welcoming they looked when they spoke to each other, now one of them covered by off-white gauze to avoid people gawking at the mangled flesh and collapsed socket, the other had a strange light blue film covering most of his pupil, brown barely visible. "If people kee-keep trying to touch you j-ju-just hit them w-with your w-walking stick."

"W's and l's," Stan turned as Bill had suggested, tilting his head slightly as he recalled how the other spoke previously, eyebrows raised. He listened to the melodic laugh that surrounded the room, vibrations of joy bouncing off of his own skin as Bill humored the thought of Stan hitting somebody with his collapsible walking stick. "You have trouble with w's and l's the most, you almost always

stutter.”

The room silenced after that, pink dancing across Bills cheeks in realization that now Stanley could pay much more attention to the way that he speaks. If he had been more ashamed than embarrassed, the room would've felt tense, but instead the only thing that Stanley could feel was the rolling chair that made its way across the wooden floors as Bill got closer to him, the space between getting lesser and lesser. Listening as close as possible, he could have sworn that he heard a heartbeat speeding up in the quiet that surrounded them both.

“W-well, the poem. It do-do-doesn't really-ly have w's and l's,” Though he spoke quieter, he sounded much closer now, feet resting lazily on the ground on either side of Stan's perfectly straight legs. “He thrusts his f-fi-fists against the p-post and still-ill insists he sees the gho-ghost. It's harder fo-for me to say those l-let-letters 'cause I don't say th-them as often.” To that, Stanley nodded, following his voice with his head to look at Bill.

“Try different sentences. I'm sure you could find some in the library,” Stan offered him a weak smile, pitying himself for no longer being able to return to one of the few places he felt safe. Sure, he was allowed but the thought of him not being able to read his favorite books again broke his heart, he couldn't make himself go back. Not yet, at least. Even if it had been months ago, the wound was still fresh. “Start reading outloud so that you have to learn you w's and l's.”

Bill exhaled sharply through his nose, laughing at the suggestion. In the past, he had loved to read out loud, especially to his friends. They would sit in the library on the old couches, Eddie and Stan looking for short stories they both found themselves to enjoy, Richie often finding books littered with tongue twisters and alliteration. Of course, when it came time to read them, Bill would be red in the face, embarrassed at how difficult it was for him to speak. It upset Stan to see him struggle so much, but everyone knew it wasn't a cruel joke at the expense of Bill, even Richie knew that. In reality, he knew that he was helping him with his stutter.

And, for a few months there was almost no stutter to be detected,

only slipping out when he got nervous or sick. Sometimes, he would look at his friends and see that all of their eyes were trained on him, fear running through his body as he imagined their faces contorting into nasty glares. Then, he would let himself stutter, but never in class and never when he was near Henry Bowers. After the disappearance of his brother, it came back much worse. Bill couldn't speak a single sentence without tripping up on one of his words so badly that he had to halt his conversation and he absolutely despised it. The Bowers gang didn't show him much mercy when it came to verbal abuse, always mocking him ("C'mon Stuh-stuh-stuh-stuttering Buh-buh-buh-billy Boy! Cuh-cat got y-y-yer tongue?") without any remorse. No matter how much he tried to fight back, he could never get the words out of his throat.

"M-Maybe next tim-time you come over w-wuh-wuh-we can read s-something together," Bill immediately realized what he had said and looked for any change of expression on Stan's face, praying to every god he knew of that he hadn't offended his best friend. Stan's smile faltered, his uncovered eye rapidly moving to try and see any other blob of color that wasn't Bill, afraid that he would see the look of disappointment that he knew would cross his face. Though Bill was scared of having offended him, he knew Stan wouldn't be able to the regret in his face as he let the words slip. "Sh-sh-shit, I'm sorry Stuh-stan, I di-didn't me-mea-mean like th-that. I-I just-"

"Don't worry, Bill, I understand what you meant. At least I can still listen." He tried to think of the brighter side of things, remembering how warm it made him feel as Bill read to him when it was dark and gloomy outside. No longer could he see how dark and sad Derry had gotten, he could feel how people had changed.

No one thinks they can have holes burned into them by the power of somebody else's stare, but Stan knew. He would be walking down the halls, grabbing onto Bills elbow as they made their way to their next class, the feeling of other people's eyes trained on him left him uneasy, always afraid somebody would try and sneak behind the two of them. Of course, Stan always expected the worst, especially on days Bill was gone.

Stan made his way through the halls, trying to tap his walking stick to the ground as infrequently as possible so not to draw unnecessary

attention to himself. The sound of tapping echoed through the hallways as people slowed down and stared at him in hopes of maybe being able to see his uncovered eye and how damaged it now looked, some just slowed down to take in the image of the now blind Stan Uris, a kid that most people he passed in the halls had known for their entire school careers. He avoided what he could, the blurred shapes of people moving far out of his way so that he had room to walk. Most people were kind, only ever stopping to stare in curiosity, but without Bill there he had no one to defend him either. He learned the hard way that people would not always have mercy on him when Patrick Hockstetter kicked his walking stick out of his hands and across the hallway, his shrill laughter causing Stan's head to ache.

Reluctantly, Stanley got to his knees and started to pat the ground around him, facing downward in hopes that he would be able to see the dark colored stick against the white tile. All around him, Henry, Victor, Belch, and Patrick stood and watched as he helplessly groped the floor. They'd call out to "help" him and lead him farther away from it, trying to confuse him as he followed their voices. Idiotically trusting, he let himself keep them occupied until the tardy bell for class rang above them, leaving them scrambling to get to their next classes. Still on the filthy ground, Stan couldn't get up and leave for class, as he had been so disoriented by the different voices all lying to him about where he was and he was unable to find his walking stick. Not only was he not able to walk to his class, he was unable to tell where his next class was because everybody had left him there.

About ten minutes into his search, after the Bowers gang had decided to leave him alone, he heard people running down the hall and assumed that, of course, they had ill intentions. He quickly covered his neck with his arms and crouched down, tucking his head to his knees as he cowered away from the footsteps that neared him.

"Stan, are you alright? We heard some kids talking about you getting lost in the 500 hall, where's Bill?" Eddie's voice was panicked, but immediately Stan was reassured. His body relaxed and he lifted his head to turn towards his friend's voice. He nearly looked Eddie in the eyes, sending a chill down his spine as he remembered when he would sneak up behind Stan to jokingly scare him, knowing he wouldn't be able to do that again.

"Who else is here? Who is that?" Stan slammed his hand on the lockers, unaware of how close they were as he hoisted himself off the ground. He listened closely as the other person's footsteps receded before they ran back, a hand was placed on his shoulder as the still unidentified person handed him his walking stick.

"Me. What the hell, Stan?" Beverly said accusingly, moving his body to where he was looking at her the best he could. She moved her hand to his back as she rubbed small circles on his skin to calm him down, looking up and down the hallways in order to make sure that nobody was going to bother the three of them. "We came as soon as we heard, what happened?"

This happened all too frequently, the boys were still cruel to him but now they had many more ways to torment him, still about things he could not change. It took much less than a push or a shove to ruin Stanleys day, though. The constant reminders of the things he would no longer be able to see and appreciate haunted him. Never again would he be able to see if people were headed toward him, ready to ridicule him. He would no longer be able to see the blackbirds outside of his window jump from tree branches and take flight as the sun rose behind them. Most importantly to him, he would never be able to see how beautiful Bill looked in the morning when they woke up after a sleepover, or how in awe he looked when Stan went on and on about his birds.

The only time he would ever be able to see his face again was his dreams and that hurt more than the sinking of teeth inside of his flesh, it hurt more than the Bowers gang hitting him with rocks and sharp things as he'd walk by unknowingly. It hurt because his dreams were never happy. They didn't end with him and Bill playing down by the quarry or with his friends hanging out by the Barrens. Instead, they twisted his gut so bad that, even in his sleep, he would wake up sick to his stomach to throw up in the nearest trash can. Often times he woke up with tears stinging his eyes and his heart pounding, terrified of what was to come as he sat up and flailed his legs around to kick at a monster that was not there, screaming and crying into the silence of his darkened room.

At one time, Stan thought that they had died down, having not had a



nightmare that woke him up in almost a week he decided that he best take advantage of the opportunity to spend time with his best friend. He had his mother dial the number to the Denbroughs house phone and thanked her as she placed the phone in his own hand. The shrill noise of the dial tone rang through his ears as he eagerly awaited a response. Of course, Bills father had answered, grumbling as he introduced himself then handed the phone the his son. The two of them discussed the plan and got confirmation from both of their parents, and soon enough Bill was riding Silver down Witcham street and shouting.

“Hi-yo Silver, AWAY!”

The wind flew through his hair as he rode towards Stan’s house, the weight of his overnight bag almost knocking him off his bike as he teetered from side to side barreling down the hill, leverage threatening to throw him off to one side. He wore the biggest smile on his face, excited to see his best friend after weeks of having stayed home every weekend, not having seen him for months after their little talk about how people treated Stan with little to no respect. In due time, he pulled up to the Uris house, the stained glass French doors towards over him as he carefully set his bike on the porch before ringing the doorbell. Through the colored glass, he could see Stan walking towards the door gingerly, his hand against the wall as he made his way down the hall. He smiled as he opened the doors, ushering Bill inside as he greeted him with quiet excitement.

Until the sun went down and the sky fell black, they sat and talked for hours on end about what had been happening in their respective lives. It seemed as if Bill always had these exotic stories now that Stan couldn’t experience so many of the things he wished he still could, but he enjoyed listening as the other stuttered over his words.

“Have you been practicing your l’s and w’s?” Stan’s voice came out soft, almost as if he were too scared to speak in front of his friend.

“I-I have I’m j-ju-just a l-l-l-li-li-little nervous to-today.” Bills cheeks flushed pink as he looked to his lap, playing with his slender fingers as an anxious habit. He almost enjoyed the way Stan checked up on him, it was a reminder that he cared, a reminder he didn’t know he needed.

They both fell asleep eventually, voices melting into the false ambience created by Stan's white noise machine that sat in the corner of the room. While the room was silent, choked sobs threatened to spill from Stan's mouth, his legs thrashing in the bed as he kicked at a monster that wasn't really there, his mind contorting the image to have Bill fall victim to the violence. His stomach lurched, even in his sleep, as he saw the face of the boy he loved clearly for the first time in months twisted in pain. The shrill noise of him screaming finally echoed throughout the room, he sat up and started to breathe heavily. His chest heaved up and down as the hot tears came out of his eyes, soaking the pillow that he had now thrust against his face in order to muffle the screams that still racked through his whole body.

Bill heard these screams though, jolting awake from his bed on the floor as he frantically looked around the room to see what had happened. There he saw Stan, sitting in his bed looking absolutely broken as he cried. As soon as he understood what was happening, Bill rushed to get up and comfort Stan, grabbing onto his shoulders and turning his body to face him. Bill moved the pillow away from his face and cupped Stan's cheek, wiping away some of the tears before hugging him.

"Shh, i-it's okay St-Stanley. W-w-w-what happened? You're al-al-alright nuh-now. I'm here, I've-I've got yuh-you." Bill squeezed Stan's body closer to his own and tried to comfort him the best he could.

"I had a dream that It came back and I was tr-trying to stop it but then I-It turned into you and that was the first time I h-had seen you in months. I can only s-see you when I fall asleep and even then you only get hu-hurt. I want to be able to look you in the eyes but I can't anymore." Words flowed out of Stan's mouth like water, his face hot and his speech hiccuped. More than anything he wanted to be able to look at Bill when he told him he loved him, but because he couldn't Stan kept his mouth shut. Bill did what he could to try and help his best friend, the pain that surrounded him was almost too much to bear.

"I wuh-want you to know I-I love you, Stanley. Juh-juh-just because yuh-you can't luh-luh-look at m-me like you used t-to doesn't mean you can't see me. The w-w-way you see people now is duh-different, but thu-that doesn't make it any less special. I admire you s-so-o

much, St-Stanley. It takes a l-lo-lot of strength to go through wuh-what you're going through and I'm proud of you for being able t-t-t-to do that." Bill rocked back in forth with Stan in his arms, sputtering out nonsense as he wept. It had been a long time since he had cried that hard, he knew he would break down sooner or later but he did not want it to happen around Bill. But, of course with his luck, he sat in his bed with Bill by his side.

Bill then again held Stanley's face lightly, so not to hurt or startle him, and lightly pressed his lips against the corner of his mouth while still rocking. Stan turned his head to where he assumed Bill was based on his body's placement, bottom lip quivering while he sniffled in attempts to hold back his tears, shocked at his sudden display of affection. He wiped his tears away and reached up to rest his hand against the crook of Bills neck, or at least where he thought that was, before the two of them rested their foreheads together.

"I love you, Big Bill."

With that, the two of them sat there in bed for the rest of the night, silently rocking together and sneaking innocent kisses in the dark of Stan's bedroom. The occasional chirping of birds speeding past his window breaking them apart, if only for a moment, in order for Stan to see what had flown past. White noise filled the silences between their seldom shared words. It was perfect, the two of them had been wishing to be able to love each other, no longer being forced to do so silently.